Mike and Melissa
Episode 35: Mike and Melissa’s Big Stupid Trip to Ohio, AKA The Cincinnati Fiasco

By

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SCENE 1- INT. UPS STORE, 2/1/2013, 2:30PM

I hand off a big portfolio-type binder to the UPS lady. The front has a crude drawing of MEL and I (in my skunk form) in UCLA football apparel.

SCENE 2- EXT. UPS STORE, 2/1/2013, 3PM

I'm leaving the store, holding a receipt. MEL follows with.

MIKE
Well, that's that. I barely beat the deadline but beat it I did.

MELISSA
And good enough for it! That deadline was asking for a beating.

MIKE
They usually are. I just hope they like the little football drawing I put on the cover.

MELISSA
Well, if you're thinking of bribing them by having me play football for them you can forget it. I'm retired.

MIKE
Blah... how about basketball? Y'know our basketball team is actually doing really good so far. (HINT HINT).

MELISSA
Well I would... except they'd put me on the women's team.

MIKE
MAN!!! SEX DISCRIMINATION IS STUPID!!!

MELISSA
It really is.

We stare at the camera.

MELISSA
So... you're just applying to that place and Savannah College of Art and Design?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE
Yep...

MELISSA
...No other places?

MIKE
Nope. I either missed the deadline everywhere else or their programs don’t interest me.

MELISSA
...Well, I guess that’s what happens when you make that kind of decision last minute. Still, all you need is to get accepted to one. And with two you have a 50% chance, right?

MIKE
...I don’t think that’s how it works-

MELISSA
WELL IT SHOULD BE!!!

I just kinda look at her while she grins and sticks her tongue out. We get in my car.

SCENE 3- INT. MIKE’S CAR, 2/1/2013, 3:10PM

I start the thing up.

MELISSA
So what now?

MIKE
We play the waiting game.

MELISSA
That game’s dumb. We should play something else until it’s time to play the "get accepted to grad school and move away and live the life of a champ" game. That’s more fun.

MIKE
That IS more fun. Now that you mention it though, being unemployed and out of school gives me opportunities to do things that I

(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
couldn't do before, if you know what I mean.

MELISSA
Like devote your time 100% to the series?

MIKE
No, I mean like GOING TO A BAJILLION METAL SHOWS!!!

MELISSA
Oh. It'd be cool if you did that other thing too though.

MIKE
Later, I gotta go home and look up all the upcoming shows for the Detroit area-

I press the button again, inadvertently turning the car off.

MELISSA
The car was already on, honey.

MIKE
...Blasted Priuses and their superior keyless technology and silent ignition!

MELISSA
Really. How rude. What were they thinking???

MIKE
RIGHT???

INTRO SEQUENCE!!!

SCENE 4- INT. THE MAGIC STICK, 2/2/2013, 11PM

ENSLAVED is playing. And I'm listening. It's a bunch of people headbanging is all but it's ENSLAVED so that's awesome. MEL pops in, bangin' her head way better than I can with my stupid hat on.

MELISSA
THIS IS AWESOME!!! AFTER THIS SHOW THOUGH YOU SHOULD REALLY GET CRACKIN' ON SOME SERIES STUFF.

MIKE
YEAH, SURE. BUT FIRST I GOTTA BANG MY HEAD.

I bang my head so hard my hat falls off. I grab it real quick.

MELISSA
Whoop. Careful.

MIKE
Yeah, well... at least nobody tried to grab it this time.

I turn around quickly and make strike a threatening posture at the guy behind me! He just kinda steps back.

SCENE 5- INT. ST. ANDREWS HALL, 2/10/2013, 9PM

DEVIN TOWNSEND, the legend himself, stands before us and graces us with his awesomeness.

DEVIN TOWNSEND
I love this city. And do you know why? Because I can take a good look at all of you fine specimens and safely say that everyone in this building is gay as fuck and you don’t care. That’s why we’re all gonna do fucking jazz hands. Alright? Okay!

He starts playing "Lucky Animals", and sure enough everyone does jazz hands. Guess that means we’re all gay. MEL is right next to me, throwing in jazz tail along with jazz hands.

MELISSA
Look! I’m doing jazz TAIL too! That makes me better than everyone else, right?

MIKE
It makes you gayer, anyways.

MELISSA
That’s right I am! Hey, though, maybe after the show tonight you can whip up a new drawing or something?

MIKE
Maybe. But right now I’m doing jazz hands.

MELISSA grows out an extra set of arms and jazz hands with them too.

MIKE
No fair!

MELISSA
I’M GAYER THAN YOU! DEAL WITH IT!!!

SCENE 6- INT. THE MACHINE SHOP, 2/16/2013, 11PM

HATEBREED is playing now. Thus completes a dramatic and rickety segue across several different metal performances. It’s HATEBREED in Flint. You can imagine what the show’s like. They’re warming up to play "destroy everything".

JASTA
Alright, now when I say "Destroy Everything", you all know what the fuck to do!

He says it, and pandemonium and mass destruction ensue.

MELISSA
MAN, THREE WEEKS IN A ROW AND STILL GOIN’ STRONG! AREN’T YOU TIRED YET? NEED A BREAK FROM THIS OVERSTIMULATION? I’LL LET YOU DRAW ME NAKED EVEN!!!

MIKE
THAT DOES SOUND LIKE A GOOD TIME! BUT FIRST I HAVE TO DESTROY EVERYTHING.

MELISSA
Of course...

She kinda steps back from the pit, looking a little bummed.

MIKE
HEY, WHERE’S THAT ASSHOLE WHO WAS HECKLING THE CONTORTIONIST EARLIER??? YOU!!!

I approach some d-bag with a chinstrap/neck beard.

MIKE
THE CONTORTIONIST HAD A BAD ENOUGH TIME LAST TIME THEY WERE IN MICHIGAN (see Episode 31), THEY DON’T NEED ASSHOLES LIKE YOU GIVIN’ EM SHIT!

DBAG
But they were all faggy-

I blow him away with a kamehameha wave. Three security guys look at me and do nothing.

SECURITY GUY #1
Eh... he was kinda askin’ for it.

MIKE
RIGHT???

MELISSA
Okay, I think we’re straying from reality a bit.

MIKE
Maybe. But that’s what SHOULD have happened.

MELISSA
Probably.

SCENE 7- INT. MIKE’S CAR, 2/21/2013, 3PM

I’m driving my car down the horrendous industrial wasteland that is the I-75 corridor in Ohio. It’s all browns, greys, and misery about. MEL is riding passenger.

MIKE
Ugh, can you smell that in the air? That permeating stench?

MELISSA
I thought you LIKED my skunk smell!

MIKE
Of course I do. Very much so.

MELISSA
Aw. I like your skunk smell too.

MIKE
I didn’t know I had one... but thanks!

Smooch.

MIKE
No, but really. You don’t sense that? This toxic cloud of decay, misery, and hatred? It smells like... Ohio.

MELISSA
Doesn’t smell all that different from Michigan if you ask me...

MIKE
YES IT DOES. YOU NEED TO GET YOUR OLFACTORIES CHECKED.

MELISSA
Okay, the part-animal with a snout designed for an acute sense of smell needs to get her olfactories checked. Makes sense. But remind me, if you hate this state so much, why are we here?

MIKE
Because I’m not letting the fact that Meshuggah, Animals as Leaders, and Intronaut neglected to add a Michigan date to their tour prevent me from seeing them. If I have to go to Cincinnati to see them, so be it!

MELISSA
That I get. But why not Chicago or something in a state you DON’T hate?

MIKE
Well about that... do you remember Summer Slaughter last year?

A quick visual flashback of TAYLOR biting my nipple and all that good stuff. Again, see Episode 31.

MELISSA
Oh, nipple biter! She’s gonna be there?

MIKE
Yep.

MELISSA
You gonna try to-

MIKE
Nope. She has a boyfriend. And a kid. But her cute friend Lyndsay is very much single...

MELISSA
Oh yeah? Kid-free too?

MIKE
...Uh... two kids actually...

MELISSA
...Ya don’t say.

MEL’s tail stands upright and starts flashing red.

MELISSA
Huh. That’s new.

SCENE 8- INT. BOGART’S CONCERT HALL, 2/21/2013, 11PM

MESHUGGAH is on!!! And they’re playing "Combustion"! And the audience is combusting!!! I step out of the pit for a second, and sure enough I see TAYLOR and LYNDSAY. TAYLOR greets me with a hug and a playful punch to the chest, while LYNDSAY (already drunk) gives me a big sloppy hug and a big sloppy kiss.

LYNDSAY
HEYYYYYY GUY! Guess what? I’M ALREADY DRUNK!!!

MIKE
I never would have guessed.

TAYLOR
Have you seen our friend Joe? He came down here with us but we can’t find him.

MIKE
...Joe?

TAYLOR
Oh, there he is.

I look over and see a skinny little white monkey man with a bone to pick getting dragged up over the barrier by the security guy. This is JOE, not to be confused with OUR Joe. TAYLOR wanders over in his direction.

LYNDSAY
Joe’s drunk too... WE’RE ALL DRUNK! And he tried to kiss me. And... I kissed him back. Isn’t that funny?

MIKE
... Yeah... hilarious...

MELISSA pops in, her tail upright and flashing hardcore.

MELISSA
Hey... my tail’s flashing pretty hardcore right now... maybe you should just hang back for tonight?

MIKE
(whispered)
So they’re a little drunk and horny at a metal show. Big deal.

MELISSA
Mike...

MIKE
Relax, tonight is gonna be far from a shitshow.

LYNDSAY
So guess what else...

She grabs my hat and tries to shove it in her purse or whatever. I grab it and wrestle it back.

LYNDSAY
You’ll get it back later!

MIKE
NOT OKAY! THIS IS NOT OKAY!!! LAST PERSON WHO DID THIS TO ME AT A SHOW GOT PUNCHED IN THE FACE!!!

MEL’s tail goes haywire!!!

MELISSA
Far from a shitshow alright. Far BEYOND one if you ask me.

MIKE
I DIDN’T ASK YOU, ACTUALLY.

MELISSA
WELL I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF ANSWERING BECAUSE YOU SEEMED TOO
(MORE)

MELISSA (cont'd)
BUSY DEALING WITH THIS HAT SITUATION TO ASK ME, EVEN IF YOU DID WANT TO!!! SO NOW YOU GOT AN ANSWER WITH NO QUESTION!!! AND THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE!!!

MIKE
...YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE!

MELISSA
Good. I try not to.

It IS good, isn't it? This is a little early for this maybe, but... COMMERCIAL BREAK!!!

SCENE 9- INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2/22/2013, 12AM

JOE, TAYLOR, and LYNDSAY are sprawled out in a hotel room that we got for the night, all nursing some manner of injury. I walk out of the bathroom in my new MESHUGGAH shirt, looking disappointed.

MIKE
So... how's everyone doing?

JOE
Fuck! I think my thumb is broken.

LYNDSAY
My knee is really messed up.

TAYLOR
I can't straighten my elbow.

MIKE
I'm fine.

JOE
Fuck you.

I'm all like "suck it".

LYNDSAY
I wanna drink more! Let's go to a bar or something.

TAYLOR
You guys go ahead. I'm done for the evening.

JOE
I don’t think I can go to a bar. I’ll probably throw up and pass out before I get-

He passes out.

MIKE
I’ll go with you.

LYNDSAY
Okay, let’s go.

We head towards the door. In the process she gets all handsy on me, including in some tender areas.

LYNDSAY
Oooh, Taylor, Mike has a chubby.

I blush and look back at TAYLOR, who only grins and shakes her head. We head out into the hallway.

SCENE 10- INT. HOTEL HALLWAY, 2/22/2013, 12:10AM

As we proceed to the elevators, DIRGLE, a short, stout, shave-headed ball of ridiculousness approaches. He’s accompanied by his buddy and their respective girlfriends. They’re all holding cases of shitty beer.

DIRGLE
Hey, nice shirt guy.

MIKE
Thanks. It doesn’t glow in the dark like they said it would, but it’s still cool. You were at the show I take it?

DIRGLE
Hell yeah dude! I... wait a minute. I remeber you! You were the guy with the hat.

MIKE
Are you sure you’re not thinking of the OTHER guy with the hat?

DIRGLE
Naw, man. I don’t forget a hat like THAT. You guys wanna come in and have a beer or two?

JOE emerges from nowhere.

JOE
Yeah, I’m down.

MIKE
Whoa! I thought you passed out!

JOE
I un-passed out.

DIRGLE
Oh, by the way, I’m... uh...

MIKE
For the life of me I can’t remember his name. So I’ma call him Dirgle.

DIRGLE
Yeah. I seem like a Dirgle, don’t I?

MIKE
Sure... whatever that even means.

SCENE 11- INT. OTHER HOTEL ROOM, 2/23/2013, 12:30AM

Everyone’s hangin’ out talkin’ about metal stuff.

DIRGLE
I like what these bands are doin’ with the 8-string guitars, but that’s too much for me. I tried 7 for a while, and I HATED it. Too confusing. Went right back to 6.

MIKE
The trick is to not try to play it like a 6-string, play it like a 7 or 8-string. Know what I mean?

JOE
You play?

MIKE
Yeah, here and there... I’m not all that good though. Do you play?

JOE
Nah... but I do want to start a band. Even if I’m just screaming stuff into a microphone.

MIKE
We could start one-

LYNDSAY
I’m hungry.

She topples over, spilling her beverage on the bed. GIRLFRIEND #1 moves to clean the mess.

GIRLFRIEND #1
Oh, that’s just great.

JOE
Here, I’ll go get you something from downstairs. I think they have Lunchables. You want Lunchables? I’m gonna get you some Lunchables.

LYNDSAY
...Okay.

He goes to get her some Lunchables. People keep blathering on.

LYNDSAY
So Mike... what’s with the hat?

MIKE
Whadya mean? It’s just my hat.

LYNDSAY
I don’t like it.

MIKE
Ugh. Don’t tell me you’re an Ohio State fan...

LYNDSAY
No, it’s not that. It’s just... weird. I mean... do you wear it because you think you’re a raccoon?

MIKE
No, I-

LYNDSAY
Because you’re not a raccoon.

MIKE
...You’re right. I’m a skunk-cat actually. But no, I don’t THINK I’m an animal. I just wear this to demonstrate my desire to get more
(MORE)

MIKE (cont'd)
in touch with my primal, animal self.

LYNDSAY
Yeah but... it's weird. You're weird. I saw that cartoon you made with the purple skunk lady... and that's not normal.

MIKE
I'm not normal. So what?

I lie back in the bed, kinda annoyed now.

LYNDSAY
I'm just saying. That's not the way to find love.

MIKE
K.

LYNDSAY
Don't do that. You should find a real girlfriend so you won't have to pretend to be a raccoon anymore.

MIKE
K.

LYNDSAY
No! Mike-

She starts makin' out with me right there on the bed.

DIRGLE
Okay. Well this is happening.

GIRLFRIEND #1
Not on our bed it isn't! Get out!!!

SCENE 12- INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2/23/2013, 1AM

We're back in our room, now only lit by a TV. LYNDSAY is eating the lunchables that JOE (who's sprawled out on one of the beds) got for her. TAYLOR is trying to sleep in the other bed. Next door, DIRGLE has begun doing karaoke.

DIRGLE (O.S.)
JEEEEEEEEE-EEEEEE-EEESUS CRIES!!!

MIKE
Gee, I wonder why...

LYNDSAY
I think I’m ready for bed.

JOE
(patting bed violently)
Sleep here!

LYNDSAY
If you insist.

She gets in bed with him. I look over, knowing what’s probably gonna happen next. I get into bed with TAYLOR.

MIKE
Is anyone watching anymore?

TAYLOR
Nah, turn it off.

MIKE
Alright. Night everyone.

Lights out. A few moments later, some clear sex moaning is heard from the other bed.

MIKE (V.O.)
Right then.

I get up and leave.

SCENE 13- INT. HOTEL HALLWAY, 2/23/2013, 3AM

I’m pacing up and down the halls with MELISSA.

MELISSA
I tried to warn you, honey. The tail don’t lie. But hey, she’s probably drunk enough that she’d be down to fuck both of you if you really want... but that’s not really what you want, is it?

MIKE
No. Yes. I dunno. I don’t know why I didn’t listen to you. I just...

MELISSA
You miss feeling intimacy with another actual human?

MIKE
...Yeah. I mean, don’t get me wrong. I love you to death, but-

MELISSA
I understand, baby.

A tender smooch.

MELISSA
I mean, I was supposed to just be a placeholder anyways, right? It’s probably high time we start getting you back into the actual dating scene. But as you’ve hopefully learned by now, stuff like... [waving her hands towards the room] THIS ain’t the way to do it. So next time, let’s LISTEN when my tail alarm goes off, okay?

MIKE
Okay.

Nuzzle.

MELISSA
So what’s your plan for the rest of the night?

MIKE
Uh... I dunno. I kinda wanna just get all my shit and leave-

I turn the corner and I see DIRGLE out for a stroll. I retreat back behind the corner of the wall.

MIKE
Oh god... THIS fuckin’ guy...

I peak around the corner to see if he’s gone... but sure enough he’s right there in front of me. MEL goes invisible.

DIRGLE
Hey, there he is! What’re you doin’ out here?

MIKE
Oh, y’know, couldn’t sleep so I’m just roamin’ about.

DIRGLE
Same here. I’m a little surprised you aren’t bangin’ that girl.

He prods me playfully, and I just kinda force a smile and look away.

DIRGLE
Wait... don’t tell me she’s fuckin’ that loser homo who went to get her those stupid Lunchables!

I say nothing. He shakes his head.

DIRGLE
...Shoulda been you, man. She was all over you in our room. Though at one point she was tryin’ to get at MY dick right in front of my girlfriend, so that tells you about the kind of girl she is, doesn’t it?

MIKE
Eh... I mean, I don’t really care.

DIRGLE
Still, that’s fucked up. She flirts with you all night, and then kicks you out so she can fuck some other guy?

MIKE
She didn’t kick me out, I left-

DIRGLE
Nah, man. I don’t like seeing you like this. So here’s what we’ll do.

He makes a B-line for my room. I follow, now worried about what he’s gonna do next.

MIKE
Wait... what’re you doing?

DIRGLE
We’ll go in there, you and me, and we’ll show ’em who’s boss.

MIKE
That’s not gonna solve everything. Everyone’s probably asleep, you’ll just wake ’em up and piss ’em off.

DIRGLE
Naw, man. It’s fine. We’ll hang out, have a good time, and resolve this problem like men. Here, just let me in.

MIKE
I... no.

He looks at me, somehow not comprehending why this might not be the best idea

DIRGLE
Dude, c’mon!

MIKE
No.

DIRGLE
C’mon, man! You listen to Meshuggah, right? Of course you do, you went to their show and you’re wearing their fuckin’ shirt. So what is EVERY SINGLE one of their songs about?

MIKE
...Where are you going with this-

DIRGLE
C’MON!!! That’s what they’re all about!

MIKE
...I’m sorry, are we talking about the same band here? What Meshuggah song is about "C’MON" exactly-

DIRGLE
Alright. If you won’t lemme in, I guess I’ll just have to knock.

MIKE
Come on, don’t do that-

He raises his hand and inches it towards the door.

MIKE
No, please, just leave it alone. I’m fine, I’ll handle it myself. Just please, I’m begging you, don’t knock on that door.

DIRGLE
...Why don’t you want me in there?

MIKE
Because it’s just gonna cause a big fuss and piss everyone off-

DIRGLE
No, there’s something you’re not telling me... did you... dude, did you KILL them?

MIKE
...Yes. Because that’s the logical conclusion to jump to.

DIRGLE
So... you did?

MIKE
NO!!! Why would you think that?!?

DIRGLE
I mean, I’ve seen some pretty fucked up shit in my day... but you just got this look on your face. You killed them, didn’t you?

MIKE
I didn’t kill anyone. That’s absolutely ridiculous.

DIRGLE
Wait... what’s this?

He picks up a piece of nose stud that fell out.

DIRGLE
This was that girl’s nose stud, wasn’t it? What’s it doing here?

MIKE
...I dunno. She was drunk, it probably just fell out-

DIRGLE
When you KILLED HER!

MIKE
That’s not evidence!!! That doesn’t prove anything, it’s not even bloody!!! For the last time, I didn’t kill anyone!!!

Some people down the hall peek out of their rooms and see what all the commotion is about. We both notice this.

DIRGLE
Okay, seriously. You should probably let me in that room.

I grimace, knowing there’s no easy way out of this.

MIKE
Okay, fine. If I let you in for five seconds and I show you that they’re not a bloody mess, will you please just get off my case?

DIRGLE
Yes.

I take my key and open the door. Then I stupidly let him in. Stupid stupid stupid. But hey what would you have done?

SCENE 14- INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2/23/2013, 3:15AM

We both enter the room. I close the door quietly.

MIKE
(whispering)
Now please keep it down-

DIRGLE
Turn on a light! If they ain’t dead turn on a light right now.

MIKE
(whispered, but harsher)
SHH! Look, here, I’ll take out my cell phone light and-

I pull out my cell phone and move to the beds, but it’s too late. He pulls out a bright-ass fuckin’ zippo lighter. Sure enough, everyone wakes up. Well... shit.

JOE
What the fuck???

DIRGLE
Sorry, guys. I was worried just wanted to make sure you all were still alive. Because I love you.

Long, horrid pause.

JOE
...I love you too. Get out of my room.

I start ushering DIRGLE towards the door.

SCENE 15- INT. HOTEL HALLWAY, 2/23/2013, 3:20AM

We walk down the hallway.

DIRGLE
Dude, now I owe you like a thousand fuckin’ apologies.

MIKE
YEAH YOU DO!!! AND YOU OWE THEM ALL AN APOLOGY TOO AND I’M GONNA HAVE TO EXPLAIN ALL THIS TOMORROW AND THEY’RE GONNA THINK I’M SOME KIND OF CRAZY PERSON AND...

I just bury my head in my hands and groan.

DIRGLE
...You wanna go have a beer or two down in the basement garage?

I throw my hands in the air.

MIKE
SURE, WHY NOT???

SCENE 16- INT. HOTEL BASEMENT GARAGE, 2/23/2013, 5AM

I’m sitting on a curb while he rants and raves.

DIRGLE
Here’s my take on life. I don’t give a fuck about YOU, anything or anyone. At the end of the day we’re all just fuckin’ cogs in this system of NOTHING. That’s why the Nothing album is my favorite Meshuggah album. What does any of this amount to? NOTHING. Who built this parking structure? NOTHING. Where’d all these cars come from and where are they going? To and from NOTHING.

He babbles on. MEL poofs in.

MELISSA
Dude... why are you still hangin’ out with this fucking guy?

MIKE
It’s either this or go back up to the room.

MELISSA
...Fair point.

She poofs away.

DIRGLE
And my son... he’s the cutest little kid in the world, wants to be just like Buckethead when he grows up. But I look at him and I just know... he’s gonna be NOTHING. So what’s the point of any of this? To do what you want and get what you want. (pause) Do you wanna hit me?

MIKE
Not really.

DIRGLE
Why? I won’t hit back. What’s there to lose?

MIKE
What’s there to gain?

DIRGLE
See, that’s part of your problem. You gotta learn to fight for what you want. Take me for example. I’m combat trained... lemme show you some of my stuff. Here, stand up for a second.

I humor him.

DIRGLE
I take one look at your faggy little fingers and wrists-

MIKE
Must you say it like that-

DIRGLE
-And I already see five ways that I could just snap every bone in them. For example...

He takes my hand and puts me in a fingerlock... I’m unfazed.

DIRGLE
I just take your two front fingers and raise ’em up to my chin like I’m taking a drink. And you’re defenseless. Now I can do whatever I want. I can punch your fuckin’ kidneys until you piss blood.

He raises my fingers up some more.

DIRGLE
Yeah, how’re you gonna get out of this? You can’t!

MIKE
I have an arm free. Why couldn’t I just, say, elbow you in the face? Or if that doesn’t work why couldn’t I bite your wrist?

DIRGLE
Yeah, but... you wouldn’t do that. Because right now you’re in so much pain that you wouldn’t be able to think of that.

MIKE
...I just did... but yeah you’re probably right.

He lets me go.

DIRGLE
Remember that next time some asshole tries to make a move on your girl or whatever.

MIKE
Sure... I’ll remember.

DIRGLE
I like you, guy. You’re alright. You’ve got kind eyes and a warm spirit. You have the aura of a murderer, too, but... you’re alright.

MIKE
Uh... thanks. You’re alright too.

Pause.

DIRGLE
Y’know, the sad thing is... after tonight I’ll probably never see you again.

MIKE (V.O.)
OH NO. SAY IT AIN’T SO.

SCENE 17- INT. HOTEL ROOM, 2/23/2013, 6AM

I’m finally back in the room, still fully clothed, trying to get some sleep. No such luck. I look down for a second, and I notice the "MESHUGGAH" on my shirt is glowing.

MIKE (V.O.)
Oh cool. This shirt DOES glow in the dark. Maybe life ain’t so bad after all.

SCENE 18- EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE, 2/23/2013, 10AM

JOE, LYNDSAY, TAYLOR, and I all leave the hotel with our bags ’n’ stuff.

MIKE (V.O.)
Hmm... nobody’s really said anything about last night... maybe they don’t remember?

DIRGLE walks by and is all like "HEY, GUY!". I reluctantly wave back at him.

JOE
(to Dirgle)
Hey... were you in our room last night?

I’m out. I go straight to my car, not daring to look back.

SCENE 19- INT. MIKE’S CAR, 2/23/2013, 3PM

I’m drivin’ up the highway. MEL is ridin’ shotty. We’re listening to "MOVE ON!" by Woods of Ypres or something like that.

MELISSA
So... no more Ohio shows?

MIKE
Nope.

MELISSA
Figured... sorry it was a bad experience for you.

MIKE
Eh, it wasn’t so bad. It was a good show... and if I can’t take anything else away from the clusterfuck that followed, at least I met this crazy asshole that I can tell stories about for the rest of my life.

MELISSA
Well I’m glad you’re keeping a positive outlook on this fiasco... which will now and forever be known as the Cincinnati Fiasco, pending your approval.

MIKE
Approval granted.

MELISSA
Thought so.

Smooch.

MELISSA
And I bet you’ve never been so glad to come back to Michigan, have you?

MIKE
Damn straight!!!

We pass by the "Welcome to Michigan" sign and we woop wildly. WE MADE IT!!!

OUTRO SEQUENCE!!!

Dear Ohioans: I don’t mean to imply that everything and everyone in your state is horrible. Just most things.